

# 2Pac Lyrics

"5 Deadly Venomz"

(feat. Live Squad, Treach, Apache)

[2Pac talking:]

[\*laughs\*] We're going platinum nigga, we going platinum

[2Pac:]

Yeah, you got the Live Squad in this motherfucker  
We get my nigga Treach from Naughty By Nature up in this motherfucker

[Stretch:]

My nigga Apache up in this motherfucker

[2Pac:]

My Mossberg goes boom, gimme room, can I catch it  
Talkin' quicker then a vic that's tryin' to keep from gettin' blasted  
I had enough I put a hit upon them bastards  
Boo-ya, turn this Benz into a casket  
Now they after me, prowling for a niggas bucks  
Time to see, who's the G, with the bigger nuts  
Buck buck, big up and livin' reckless  
Niggas with a death wish step in with a TEC and I'll wet this  
Yeah this shit is hyper  
True to what I'm writing, representing and I'm striking like a viper  
Huh, I got my mind made up, I got my nine  
Ring the alarm, and strong arm what's mine  
Some niggas need to feel me with a passion  
I'm old fashioned, run up on me, nigga, and get blasted  
With five deadly venomz

(Yeah 'Pac, fuck that, still hittin' 'em up with  
that old deadly shit. Aiyyo Treach where you at?  
Step up and hit they ass up with the wickedness.)

[Treach:]

We come to hit you with a sock full of Brooklyn  
to the Onyx of your nose, punk is funky like skunk blunts  
Stunk like funk cunt  
I come to take you on a war rough and rugged route  
And if another doubts I blow your fuckin' mother out  
And after she's crossed out  
I shout, "I'm de MC wit de nasty mouf!" and kick the bitch out  
Sue me? I pay the lawyer for ya oh boy yeah  
Plus my style's ten to twenty fuckin' pounds more  
I take you quicker than a picture of a punk ya pickin' shit  
Pickin' pockets with a razor stoppin' Russian rockets  
Not shoplift, I'm liftin' shop  
Once you sound hot, 'cause if you ain't a perfect ten  
my sign is stop!  
It's twenty mother-crooked-fuckin' styles in 'em  
Like women I did 'em I'm in for deadly ready venom

*[Stretch of Live Squad:]*

Yeah, as I take a puff I get rough, Big Mad  
To put it on, can't none come tougher see  
I'm down with the sound of the Squad hard, boom!  
Breakin' 'em down, I make 'em see their doom  
Coming straight from the dome where I roam it's a job to  
Rob and steal and runnin' from the coppers  
Who hold a, boulder, turn the gun controller  
Started from a punk now to be a high roller  
Youngest, reckless, crazy, disaster  
Mac-11 blaster, and I run faster  
Than a lot of cops I can't be stopped till my head gets popped  
A lot of fuckin' bodies will drop  
It's a disaster, I'm coming for the blood splatter  
I make 'em scatter, leavin' trails of brains and bladders  
Blowin' 'em out the frame with no shame  
Game tight, drop a body then get out of sight  
Count my loot after I shoot, leave my kicks up and it's  
Something I don't wanna do, something that I never did  
I try to get him, I think I hit 'em, I lit him  
He's out! A poison, a deadly venom

(Yeah Mad, fuck that! You know how we do  
Knowhatl'msayin? Squad in effect, YG'z in effect  
Now you know a nigga like me gotta represent)

*[Majestic of Live Squad:]*

Once again, back to rip shit, quick on the flip tip  
The psycho, represent the real to take the mic flow  
Deadly, rock a head G, check the melody  
Niggas can't touch me when I wreckin' G you better flee  
'Cause I'm gifted with a jab and a forty-four Mag  
So nigga flip or take a trip in a body bag  
Uhh, boom you slipped up, now you're zipped up  
Yeah one more statistic, fronted and got ripped up  
No joke, you be yolk, no matter how it sound  
We're taking all fake niggas back to the stomping grounds  
Line 'em up single file, dome runnin' in 'em  
A nigga hit 'em with the venom, the fourth deadly venom

(Nigga, yaknowhatl'msayin? Fuck that!  
I told you, we takin' over, yo 'Pac.)

*[2Pac:]*

Five deadly venomz verse five be the livet  
Strugglin' and strive, keep a nine in my waistline  
Take mine, you better bury me, G  
Punk ass niggas don't even worry me, see  
I got a glock that say 'Pac run the block  
Fuck the cops 'cause my gauge gets me... PAID  
As I sit and reminisce about the old days  
Hugging on my AK, fuck getting played, hey  
I say niggas need to get they mind right  
Until they do I pop a clip and grip my nine tight  
Now it's on everyday could be my last day  
That's why I blast on they ass as I passed let the glass spray.

First you had a mouth full of fronts  
Now your mouth's full of chunks, Pac's out puffin' blunts  
Deadly venomz

(Hahaha, yeah pass that shit over here  
Apache bout to clean shit up.)

*[Apache:]*

Throw up your middle finger! Start the track for the maniac  
Only thing I'm givin out is black donuts and dirty backs  
Let me tell how you rough I get  
I pop shit behind your back get in your face and pop the same shit  
You can't get in because my gate's bigger I'mma snake nigga  
My act guards me so hard I pull the fuckin' trigger  
I'm a cinch in a clinch, your punch is like a pinch.  
Test the rhyme I'll knock your hairline back an inch  
Fuckin' up pooh-butts, cut 'em like cold cuts  
Choke 'em with my boot lace, then leave 'em hangin' like old nuts  
Clip up and move out, time to get 'em  
That's the results of fuckin with the fifth venom in denim

(Yeah, yaknowhatl'msayin?  
Five motherfuckin deadly venomz, in effect for ninety-three  
Ninety-four ninety-five all that other shit  
We takin this motherfucker over this larger hit  
Yaknowhatl'msayin? Follow us, come along. Yaknowhatl'msayin?  
We takin this motherfucker over. TRUST. We out.)